James the Gleeful "Freedom Soldier," Ukraine, and Kim's Quandary

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James the Gleeful "Freedom Soldier," Ukraine, and Kim's Quandary

by lefemmerouge2

Summary

Kim Possible is a girl who has a close relationship with her dad. She respects what he does and is glad that he believes in her, even as he can sometimes embarrass her. On the other hand, she sometimes struggles to explain to him when he does the latter, or how she has grown out of things, not wanting to hurt his feelings. In this story, Kim is proud of her dad's work in assisting the Ukrainians in fighting the invading Russian forces. She believes he is helping fight for "freedom" and even travels to the space center with him. However, when she reads a pamphlet for a group called Middleton Peace Action, given to her by her good friend Monique, and attends their meeting, her beliefs are challenged. She begins to wonder whether her dad is right... she is surprised when he happily celebrates the death of a man he asserts is a war criminal... family fissures begin to form... Can Kim and her dad get along, or will their differing opinions pull them apart? You will have to read to find out!

Notes

I originally started this fic back in 2022 (as you may be able to tell from the end note). I had it lying around for *many* years, unsure how I would finish it. After the election of the orange menace for a second (non-consecutive) term in November of this year, I decided to work on this fic a little more... and I finished it, at long last! This fic was originally named "The Ukrainian Dilemma," as a tentative title, and it was changed to the present title before publication. I think you could argue that this fic, at least in terms of how the characters act, is sort of in-canon. If the characters aren't totally in canon, that may be because: (1) I haven't watched this series for a while, (2) I'm trying to bring in what the characters are going through to a real-life issue (the conflict in Ukraine), and (3) I wrote it across multiple years. Also, for this fic, lets assume they are in the year 2024.

Comments are welcome and appreciated. However, I will not accept the whims of certain people telling me I am "wrong" on this topic. Negative comments will not be published.

Update #1: This fic has been cross-posted on Wattpad, Quotev and Squidge World. This is my fourth-ever Kim Possible fic. My others are "Kim's Anxiety, Milo's Mistake, and the Great Backpack Mishap" (crossover with Milo Murphy's Law), "From Angry Zionists to International Popstars: Meet the Mess Discusses the Gaza War (crossover with DC Super Hero Girls, Futurama, Bravest Warriors, Sym-Bionic Titan, and Samurai Jack), and "Revenge of a Reagan: Carmen, I.M.P., and the Glowing Hands Girl" (crossover with Carmen Sandiego, Inside Job, and Helluva Boss).

See the end of the work for more notes

"Tonight, we would like to profile the Middleton Space Center. It is supporting the Ukrainians in their brave fight against the Russian invasion by using its amazing space capabilities."

The reporter then cut to a clip of a tall, pale-skinned, and slender man with dark eyes. He was wearing a white lab coat, as he often wore while at the Center. He was identified, in the chyron, as "Dr. James Possible, Lead Rocket Scientist."

"I'm happy to have the Center be a part of this effort, to ensure freedom is preserved in Ukraine. We will do what we can to assist them, working with any and all possible partners, in the private and public sectors, and will use any available resources."

The reporter went on to explain how space technology, including from private companies, was used to ensure precision weapons were used by Ukrainian forces, surveillance of possible targets, and showing the "reality" of the war to the world. It also ensured communication systems remained up and running within the country.

A red orange-haired girl, wearing a green tank top, which exposed her midriff, and blue Capri jeans, sat on the couch next to him. She turned her head toward him and said, "Dad, I'm *so* proud of you." James smiled. He was always happy when his daughter praised him. "Thanks for saying that, Kimmie-cub, I really feel like we are doing the right thing at the Center." Before she could say anything more, an idea came to him. He could show off his work to her.

"How about you come by tomorrow to the Center…and see what we're doing there? It would be one of the last times you can visit before going to college." The idea seemed intriguing, even to Kim. Attending a college many miles away on the East Coast had been a hard choice, but she wanted some independence from her parents, at least at this point in her life. What could be the harm of going to a space center?

"Sure, dad," she said, without giving it even a second thought.

Before she knew it, she was at the black wrought iron gate to the Middleton Space Center, which was well-regarded in the town of Middleton. While walking beside her dad, she heard chants which shook her to the core, like "Hey, hey ho! This war machine's got to go!" Others held placards with sayings such as "No War in Ukraine", "End the U.S. Empire", "Middleton against the War Machine", "Stop Supporting Ukrainian fascists", and "End the damn proxy war!" They were so loud she could hardly think.

Out of the corner of her eye, she spotted someone among the crowd she knew: Monique, her close confidante and friend. Getting close enough to her, she whispered in her ear. "What's this all ruckus 'bout?"

Monique replied softly so that no one could hear but Kim. "It's all in this pamphlet. You should check it out. Hope to see you there."

Kim, trying to act upbeat, nervously smiled. She added, "sure, thing, girlfriend!" If Monique was part of this, then maybe these protesters were right about *something*. Monique never

steered her wrong. At least what she thought. She stashed the pamphlet in her pocket, and soon joined her father. The gate closed behind them while the chanting by the demonstrators continued to echo, growing fainter and fainter after they went inside the building.

James shook his head. "Those young people out there are dedicated but totally wrong. We have to do *something* about those Russians." He then added, "if we don't stop them, they'll overrun all of Europe and it will be a disaster! Ukraine is first, but Europe is next. We have to hold the line."

Kim nodded. She hadn't seen her dad so perturbed in a long time. But, she couldn't blame him. He was passionate about his work. He showed her around the Center, then brought her to the launch pad. He pointed at one of the rockets.

"This will be used to launch a shield into space, to protect satellites from enemy attack."

He proudly stood beside it and smiled. He realized that Kim was being quiet and not saying anything. He wanted to make sure she stayed interested.

"So Kimmie-cub, do you have any questions about what we are doing here?"

He didn't want to hide anything from her. What kind of father would hide something, like this, from their daughter?

Kim grinned nervously. "So, uh do you, like, launch satellites to spy on countries? Like, I think that would be important."

James *had to be careful* because he didn't want his top-secret clearance to be taken away. He tried to make it a bit of a joke.

"I can't confirm or deny that we launch space sensors to photograph other countries, but we may help private industry do it."

His answer somewhat satisfied what her question but she wanted to know more. She continued asking him questions as they walked around the Center. He told her that space-based technology helped refugees who fled from Ukraine, collected information at high resolutions which showed war crimes committed by Russian forces, and revealed the truth of war. He went on to explain how satellites owned by private companies were especially important now, since the information could be passed directly to the Ukrainian government, becoming more strategically valuable. He chuckled at the idea that private satellite networks, which aid militaries, would be considered potential military targets.

He scoffed and declared "that would never happen. The U.S. military would *never* allow it."

Their day together soon came to an end. Kim felt that she had learned a lot from her dad. She left the center and the demonstrators had left. There wasn't even any sign they had been there earlier in the day. Going back home, it was the same routine: sitting on the couch, watching the nightly news broadcast from Mester Grolt, having dinner, and going to sleep. However, before she went to sleep, she took out her phone. The pamphlet she had stuffed in her pocket

fell out. She had crumpled it up in a hurry and had completely forgotten about it. What she was about to learn would shake her views on everything and turn her world upside down.

She read the pamphlet, which explained the role of NATO, and the U.S., in instigating the conflict and goading the Russians into entering Ukraine. It also explained how it was important to question established media narratives and reject misleading ideas propagated not only about Ukraine, but also about Cuba, Belarus, China, or any of the other countries that those in the U.S. are taught to hate for one reason or another. On the backside was a link to a website entitled "Middleton Peace Action." The website listed a meeting the following day at Monique's house. She figured that attending the meeting would be worth a try, at least to see what these people were all about. She didn't completely believe what they were saying, but she wanted to learn more. She was not a person to shy away from anything that challenged her, no matter how painful it was.

The following day at 10 AM in the morning, she walked up to a glass door, and opened it, revealing a solid wooden door. She knocked and stepped back slowly, as the glass door closed in front of her. Nervously twiddling her thumbs, she saw a familiar brown-haired girl with light brown skin, open the door. It was Monique. The woman's brown eyes stared at her for a second, then pulled her inside. Before she knew what was happening, Monique gleefully remarked, "I'm so happy you could make it."

Sheepishly, Kim chuckled. As she sat down on a nearby plush couch, she was plopped into the middle of a raucous discussion. "We need to end the expansion of NATO, no matter what," one person said. The other laughed, and responded, "I agree, but we need to stop the war in Ukraine by sanctioning the Ruskies to death."

The conversation continued. The original person scoffed, and said "so you just want economic war, then? That will hurt the Russian people!" The other person snickered. "Sorry to goad you. You know I don't support that, at all. I just wanted to get a rise out of you." The two people were about to hug it out. They stopped when they realized Kim was there.

She waived nervously when looking at these two buff women, who proceeded to sit on either side of her. As she scanned the room, she thought to herself how much they looked like Monique and started to think *there's so many of those people here. I've never seen them in town before.* She stopped herself before saying anything. She knew enough that saying something like that aloud would be disastrous. She couldn't say her racist thoughts out loud as it would show she didn't respect other people and that she wasn't being a "good ally", as some termed it. She kept these thoughts to herself. They were her problem to deal with and something she needed to work better on.

As Kim was about to speak, Monique's thunderous voice echoed through the room. "I'd like to call this meeting to order. We have a guest with us today, my good friend Kim Possible."

Everyone in the room turned and looked at her, making Kim even more self-conscious than she already was. She wasn't always the best with crowds of people, especially those she didn't know. Additionally, everyone else, but her, in the room was Black, or multiracial, in some way. She was the only White person there. Even Wade was there, in person, rather than using a robot as he had done in the past. Some began talking about the U.S. authorizing long-range attacks into Russia, while the British followed suit, and began shaking their heads.

"It's always Ukrainians who pay the price" one remarked. Another added that "the proxy war in Ukraine created the conditions for an offshoot of Al-Qaeda, a group which is *supposed* to be our enemy, to take new Syrian territory." Many began to lament that while Bashar al-Assad was not their favorite, since he was a bourgeois nationalist, and undoubtedly committed crimes of some degree, he was clearly better than the religious fundamentalists who had seized power. A new round of death and horror was bound to engulf Syrians in the days, months, and years to come. The Zionists were chomping at the bit, bloodily expanding the illegally-occupied Golan Heights, and greedily seizing territory. The Turks, the U.S., the Qataris, the British, the French, and others, were backing their own groups within the country, all wanting a piece of the action. It couldn't be worse.

Within Ukraine itself, people grumbled about the U.S. declaration that Ukraine "needs" to send those aged 18 to 25 to fight Russia, even though Ukrainians, more than ever, favored ending the war quickly *and* cutting a deal with Russia. It was the only way out of the bloodshed. Monique began making a point that others had made before, but more forcefully:

> "NATO's expansion needs to stop. Money should be spent on housing, healthcare, and education *rather than militarism*. We need peace and justice, not sanctions or escalation. That includes stopping arms shipments to Ukraine, demilitarizing the region, and *real* peace talks. The peoples of Russia and Ukraine are not our enemies in this fight, but *our allies*. We should work with them to end this conflict once and for all. Thank you!"

People chapped and cheered. They couldn't agree more. Some had a different view, however, seeing the conflict in Ukraine as part of a protracted inter-imperialist war between Russia, the E.U., U.S., and NATO, with ordinary people caught in the crossfire. Even people with those beliefs could agree with Monique's call of action. The group had previously organized teach-ins focusing on the role of the U.S. in beginning Ukraine's suffering, the groups that were benefiting from continued conflict, and the growth of fascism at home. The latter of pertinent since fascist paramilitary groups received training within Ukraine, including as part of the International Legion for the Defense of Ukraine or otherwise working with the Ukrainian military in other capacities.

Kim sat and listened the whole time, not saying a word. She was afraid she would say the wrong thing. Suddenly, one group member turned to her and asked her, directly, "what do you think, Kim?"

She wasn't sure how to answer. How could she something that wouldn't offend them? What could she say that wouldn't make her a pariah? She already felt out of her league as the only White person there. She sat there very patiently. She decided to articulate some thoughts, which were not fully together.

"Uh, I don't know...I don't want to make any of you angry...but all of this is new to me...My dad keeps telling me that the Russians are doing bad things in Ukraine...and that we need to support Ukraine's struggle *for freedom*...but with all you are saying now, I'm not sure anymore...I mean, I have some respect for the diplomats and soldiers... since I depend on them for what I do...maybe they are...wrong?...I don't know."

Everyone in the group was surprised by her frankness. They hadn't intended on Middleton Peace Action being fully multiracial, but it happened naturally, based on the family and

personal connections between all of them. The group was built out of all their social networks together. Kim was outside of it, with her own networks. She didn't cross paths with many of the group's members before. Monique tried to remain welcoming.

"Kim, it's okay that you are just learning. All of us are in the same boat. Sure, some of us may know more, including how to think critically about the media narratives, and how to develop your own independent thoughts, while standing up for yourself. It's hard, but everyone can do it."

They all couldn't agree more with Monique. What the group discussed often wasn't talked about on the evening news. There was no one talking about growing fascism within Ukraine, the faultiness of so-called "humanitarian" interventions, exploitation caused by the war, or the role of class. Much of this was obscured with a focus on personality, the views of military and political leaders, fears of "bad" foreign actors (Russia, China, Iran, etc.), and many other aspects.

The meeting went on for some time after that, with participants grumbling about what the orange menace would do and if his promise to end the war was even genuine. Most believed it was a bunch of hooey and wouldn't result in anything, even if he had stated that the decision to allow Ukrainians to use long-range weapons from the U.S. was a "big mistake" and called for an immediate ceasefire to end the "madness." He was a clear political amateur and his dedication to only having those who were loyal around him was dangerous. After the meeting came to a close, Monique thanked Kim for coming. Kim promised to stay in touch.

After she arrived home, she was confronted by her jubilant father. She knew that he was often optimistic and had a good mod. However, she was surprised to see him *so* happy.

He exclaimed, "We finally got that war criminal! The fucker is dead!" He then apologized for cursing.

Kim hadn't been following the news that closely, so she had missed it. She wasn't sure who he was talking about or how her father was involved.

"Who do you mean, dad? Which war criminal?...there's a lot of them, you know."

He laughed. He pulled out his smartphone and showed it to her. "This guy," he said, while pointing at an article. It explained how a Russian general, named Igor Kirillov, who headed Russia's chemical, biological, and radiological forces, had been killed by a remotely detonated bomb.

He then began boasting. "Yeah, I helped coordinate with the Ukrainians to kill this guy...Kimmie...he was a *bad* one...everyone at the office is *so proud* of what we did."

She had enough sense to realize what he was saying. It was no ordinary killing. On the walk back from Monique's house, she had stopped in a nearby park and read the third chapter of William Blum's *Rogue State: A Guide to the World's Only Superpower*. Monique had given her the book, a tattered version published in 2000 (there had been updated version since then), with the promise she would give it back once she was done reading it. The chapter included a list of prominent foreign individuals that the U.S. had attempted to kill, or killed,

between 1949 and 1999, including Korean opposition leader Kim Koo, Chinese Prime Minister Zhou Enlai, Cuban President Fidel Castro, Cuban leader Che Guevara (successful), and Iranian leader Ayatollah Khomeini. So, she was aware of this word more than she had been in the past. It hadn't been mentioned in any of her history classes, so it was all new for her.

"You mean he was *assassinated*? Isn't that kind of thing...illegal?"

He shook his head. How could she use such a word? What he was doing was justified and there was no doubt in his mind about that. Sure, Kirillov had been deliberately killed, and sure he was a public figure. Surely it was for political reasons. If she had the third pocket edition of *Black's Law Dictionary*, which came out in 2006, she could have turned to page 47 and pointed this out. She could have stated that the book's entry *proved* it is an assassination.

Similarly, she could have showed him a page from the ICRC site which quoted the 1956 U.S. Field Manual. The latter stated that it is "especially forbidden to kill or wound treacherously individuals belonging to the hostile nation or army." A U.S. Air Force pamphlet, which came in 1976, stated the same. And Executive Order 12333 stated that those employed, or acting on behalf of the U.S. government, cannot "engage in, or conspire to engage in, assassination," something which had either been ignored, or weakened by other measures, since the directive had been issued in December 1981. She could have also pointed to Article 23(b) of the Hague Regulations in 1907, which stated that it was forbidden to "kill or wound treacherously individuals belonging to the hostile nation or army." The same article stated that such prohibition also applied to employing poison, poisoned weapons, weapons which cause "unnecessary suffering," killing those who were unarmed, and suspending courts of law, among other measures.

"Oh, Kimmie...how naive you are. You may think it is illegal, but Ukraine doesn't have any rules against killing an *enemy combatant*... they *at war*...and they are only acting in self-defense. I didn't kill that guy. The Ukrainians did...we are only helping them."

Kim was a bit caught off guard by his comment. He was supporting the killing of another person because they were at war? How in the world was that self-defense? What if someone did the same here? What about the backlash from such a brazen attack? What if they realized he was involved? She did not like where this was going.

"OK Dad. Putting aside the legality...doesn't that make *you* a target?...what if they know you are involved?...haven't the Russians killed people outside their borders...before?"

James scratched his head. She certainly had a good point. No one an his office, in the Middleton Space Center, had warned him about possible backlash. After all, Dmitry Medvedev, who had served as the President of Russia from 2008 to 2012, called for retaliation, as stated in a Russian-language article, against the political and military leadership of Ukraine. Other high-ranking Russian officials paid tribute to Kirillov. James also knew that the *official* response that the U.S. government did not know in advance, and that the U.S. was *not* involved in the killing, carried out by Ukraine's Security Service, was undoubtedly *a lie*.

Even so, he remained defensive. He hoped that she would learn something from him, even as he worried about her questioning. Was she trying to get a rise out of him? Or did she truly believe it was an assassination? He began to wonder whether she was starting to be *unpatriotic* now and if that was the influence of her classmates… or what she read online. He was concerned not because he wanted to control her beliefs, but to shield her, in a way.

"Whether I am a target or not doesn't matter! Kirillov was a legitimate target. He was a disgraceful man who *deserved to die* from a bomb planted in an electric scooter...he brought death and suffering to many Ukrainian people…no matter how much the Russians miss him, his death will bring...peace."

Kim was shocked by what she was hearing. How in the world could killing someone, in an assassination, like this, bring peace? Wasn't Russia a nuclear power? Could they just fire a nuclear weapon at Kiev and wipe out the entire Ukrainian leadership? Did they want the world to get that much closer to total nuclear annihilation? She didn't know.

In any case, she was unsure how the Center was involved. Wasn't he killed by a remotely-detonated bomb? He wasn't killed with a missile. What did her father, and his colleagues, have to do with it? That confused her a bit. As she was about to ask him, he added something else.

"You may be wondering what my role in it was...sure, he wasn't killed thanks to satellites. Even so, we provided the Ukrainians with satellite imagery about his crimes...and worked with them so that the killing could be livestreamed by their agents...it was *glorious*...I am so proud of what we did."

If what he had said before hadn't been enough, she was becoming increasingly worried about his mental health. It horrified her that he was saying that someone deserved to die, that he was proud of causing another person to die, and called the person's death "glorious," among other comments. In the past, she had fought some awful people, including those who wanted to dominate the world. But she never wanted to *kill* them. She wanted them to face justice. She was aware that this belief was a bit naive because, too often, those who commit heinous acts do not face consequences.

Even so, she stuck by her beliefs. Generally, Wade backed her up on this, as did her friend Ron, her new friend-of-sorts, Shego, and one of her close friends, Monique. In this case, she was on her own. She did not want to call them for assistance. She had to share what was on her mind, by herself. If she didn't say it now, when could she?

"How can killing someone bring peace? I could never take another person's life...it doesn't seem right...no matter who bad the person is...they should be brought before a court and tried instead...I know it doesn't always work out...but it is better than killing another human being."

James was surprised by what she was saying. It wasn't the fact that she disagreed with him, but that she could be articulate about something like this. He did not mind if his children had different beliefs from him. He did not want to be like those other parents who tried to control the lives of their children and clamored for "parental rights," something which undoubtedly led to abuse and trauma. Controlling the lives of your offspring because *you* are angry at what they believe, at their gender, or anything else, is never a good thing.

He sighed. He thought there might be some rough conversations ahead. So, he tried to approach this carefully. The last thing he wanted was to drive his daughter away. He loved her deeply, as any *respectable* father does with their daughter. His wife, and Kim's mother, was the same way.

"Kimmie, I get what you are saying and it's fine to have beliefs different from me…but we don't need to get emotional about this...or angry...we can talk about this rationally and civilly."

Clearly annoyed by his defense of assassination as glorious and bringing peace, and saying she shouldn't bring her emotions *too far* (at least in his view), she did not want to respond peacefully or rationally. How could you with everything he had said? He had defended murder, in her view. How was that good? Why should she be OK with it?

Without thinking much, she blurted out a response. It was clearly an emotional one.

"What's the problem with anger? There are so many things wrong in this world...why should I *not* be angry? How can I talk rationally with someone who says that killing another *human being* will bring peace? How can I talk with someone who is *OK with terrorism*...I just can't, dad...I'm sorry...that's just not who I am…"

As she trailed off, she began walking upstairs to her room. James attempted to stop her. He started to say something, beginning with "Kimmie, I…" but he stopped himself after she glared back at him. Her fierce green eyes met his and he stepped back. He could see it would be a rough road ahead and he started to think about what he had done wrong.

Not long after, Kim closed her bedroom door forcefully, although not so much that it went off the hinges. She slumped onto her bed and pulled out her phone. She put in her earbuds and began playing songs from one of her favorite blues rock bands, Black Box Revelation. One song really spoke to her, especially after everything, and particularly this part:

> you wanna live you wanna die / join the army get killed by war / you wanna be someone in life / don't get killed by the train of war

She felt that her dad was acting like a "freedom soldier" in the song, and felt that if you "kill for peace" then "peace will die," just like what guitarist Jan Paternoster had sung. She curled up in her bed, unsure she had done the right thing. She knew she would have to confront it all in the morning. She was still debating what she would do. Even with all those thoughts swirling in her head, she began to fall asleep. It was different for James.

Ann came in to talk to him. She had overheard part of their heated exchange. She had been writing an article for a respectable scientific publication about new neurosurgery techniques. She sometimes did that since the Middleton Medical Center encouraged it. They did not encourage, however, her efforts to unionize her office. Even so, they did not oppose it. They weren't an anti-union workplace like some other hospitals and medical facilities.

"James, what was that about?...death...and killing...and everything...we have to make clear that she can have different opinions in this household."

He knew she was right and he had sort of done that, but also hadn't, in another way. He grumbled. He had perhaps been too happy about his work in helping off someone he considered "bad." He knew his daughter had strong moral convictions. That much was clear. He did not want family discord.

"I could have said things differently...I am passionate about my work...but she didn't take it well when I said I was glad that I helped the Ukrainians kill a war criminal…"

Ann looked at him sternly. She could completely understand why Kim was not happy to hear this. To hear her own father be joyful at killing someone (indirectly, arguably), must have been disturbing, she guessed. Not only was she never involved in that sort of work, as a reputable neurosurgeon, but she would never tell Kim anything like that.

"James. You *can't* tell our daughter that! Please make up with her tomorrow...I don't want this to cause a rift in this household. I don't disagree with her either! Our Kimmie is a smart young woman who will soon be going to college. She has every right to her own opinions. They don't need to be the same as yours."

He nodded. She wasn't wrong. He had been too gleeful and joyful. Certainly he was proud of his work… but he also did not want it to cause a family split. He knew the stories of some families in which the parents and children could not agree, and their beliefs caused them to never speak to each another again. Certainly, there were justified reasons for this, especially when the parents supported a bigoted, woman-hating fascist monster, and the kids did not.

"Fine. I will make up with her tomorrow."

Ann smiled. She would do whatever she could to maintain harmony in this household, whether Kim was there before she went off to college, or was on break. What neither of them knew was how much *more* strident Kim would become, with stronger attitudes, and the strains it would cause on the relationship between all of them in the times ahead...

End Notes

Quotes from newsletters of Rainer Shea, a Marxist (who is a revisionist), were incorporated, to give it some realism as to actual arguments by those who oppose current warmaking by Western countries in Ukraine, along with information about use of satellites in Ukraine from articles such as "Space, the unseen frontier in the war in Ukraine" in *BBC News* (Oct. 6, 2022), "US to unleash Secret Space Weapons if Putin uses Nukes in Ukraine" in *European Union Times* (Oct. 28, 2022), "JUST IN: Ukraine War Called 'Catalyst' for Space-Based Remote Sensing Industry" in *National Defense Magazine* (Mar. 22, 2022), "Space-based internet helps refugees fleeing Ukraine" in *FOX Weather* (Apr. 21, 2022), "Watching from space, satellites collect evidence of war crimes" in *NBC News* (May 3, 2022), "Russia's invasion of Ukraine as seen in satellite photos" in *space.com* (Apr. 4, 2022), "High Above Ukraine, Satellites Get Embroiled in the War" in *WIRED* (Mar. 4, 2022), "War in Ukraine highlights the growing strategic importance of private satellite companies — especially in times of conflict" in *space.com* (Aug. 29, 2022), "Satellite imagery appears to show damage at Russian air base" on *CNN* (Dec. 5, 2022), and "Commercial satellites are the next front in space war" on *Axios* (Nov. 1, 2022). They were also used to form arguments of James Possible and others, along with what I've garnered from watching corporate media broadcasts every night.

I further summarized statements by real-life peace groups like ANSWER Coalition, Code Pink, Peace Action, Peace and Freedom Party, War Resisters League, and United for Peace and Justice about the conflict in Ukraine, along with articles in the publication of the American Party of Labor (*The Red Phoenix*), and statements by the Poor People's Campaign. I based some dialogue on positions of the Answer Coalition, CodePink, Peace and Freedom Party, Poor People's Campaign, War Resisters League, articles in *The Red Phoenix*, and articles by Rainer Shea. Otherwise, I used content from the James Possible, Middleton Space Center, Monique, Ann Possible, and Kim Possible pages on the Kim Possible fandom site to assist with details. I wish there was an artbook for Kim Possible, that I could use as a resource. Sadly there is not. "Mester Grolt" is a stand-in for Lester Holt.

If you are interested in learning more about U.S. foreign policy, and a critical outlook on it, I'd recommend Chalmers Johnson's Blowback: The Costs and Consequences of American Empire, and Stephen Kinzer's Overthrow: America's Century of Regime Change from Hawaii to Iraq. Then there's some other books which give a broader history, like A People's History of the American Empire by Howard Zinn (illustrated by Mike Konopackii and Paul Buhle), Howard Zinn's A People's History of the United States: 1492 to Present, and Michael Parenti's Democracy for the Few. And that isn't even counting ideas stated in early writings of Karl Marx or Vladimir Lenin's Imperialism, among other books, which may be incorporated into dialogue and elsewhere if this fic gets a continuation.

Update: I'd like to add little more. I have my own beliefs, which have been incorporated into the fic. James represents the 'mainstream' view, which you usually see in the late night news. Kim feels differently. In terms of Russia attacking Ukraine, it is fair to say that Western countries could have done more to prevent this conflict and fair to say they created the *conditions* which led Russia to invade. It's my understanding that the invasion was a last

resort. Surely, that does not justify destruction that follows, but it's important to understand WHY the Russians did what they did. This fic hopefully provides resources which help people learn more about why the war ended up the way it did and what is happening now. In any case, I remain very skeptical, like members of the peace action group that Kim visits in this fic, that the incoming U.S. administration will end the war. There are too many interests which WANT the war to continue (like arms manufacturers, certain diplomats and high-ranking officials, and Neo-Nazis), and as long as the war continues, Ukrainians (and now Russians) will be caught in the crossfire.

Works inspired by this one

Reagan's Bold Move, Cognito's Kidnapping Plot, and Kim's Folly by lefemmerouge2

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